

The Alliance basket break was a success, considering the rain and weather. There were 200 people present. They ate and enjoyed themselves. Many were disappointed in not having many speakers as we had. Brother H. J. Faison allowed trifles to hinder and gave us a very interesting and everything passed off in a orderly manner and everybody behaved themselves. It was as usual at such a gathering. There were a few exceptions and some time and much was accomplished, no doubt.

THE MARTLET LEAL

BY JEANETTE H. WALWORTH.

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CHAPTER V

She entered the room upstairs prepared for a contest. She rather enjoyed the prospect of the fray. The necessity for some outlet to the pent-up excitement of the day was laid upon her very strongly.

"Father, have you heard from Sibbey?" she asked, abruptly.

"D-n Sibbey!"

"As you please about that; but have you heard from him?" Dido tells me you had a letter this morning."

"D-n Dido!"

"No objection in the world to that, either. If it will contribute to your peace of mind."

She came forward with the air of a Van Amburgh entering the cage of some particularly untrustworthy animal. Circumstances, however, were such that she dropped with a sigh of physical exhaustion.

The shuffling slippers came to a halt just as their wearers reached an immense unholstered chair, into which she dropped with a sigh of physical exhaustion.

Ida had taken up position in the low cushioned window seat, where, clasping her hands about her knees, she sat slowly swinging one little dusty boot backward and forward, while she looked at her father as steadfastly as she had looked at her maddest stepchild in the woods half an hour ago.

"Your boot is dusty, disgusting, dusty," said her father, peevishly, totally ignoring her twice-repeated question.

"Of those of them. It has not rained for two weeks, you know."

"And your attitude is excessively unduly, Ida."

"She was calmly surveying the offending boot as it swung into and out of sight."

"You have not answered my question, father. Have you heard from Sibbey?"

"Why should I hear from Sibbey?" he snarled, showing a set of perfect teeth, very much as an angry dog might have shown his.

"Why? Because there are only two male Fairbanks left. Because it is not right that one of them should shut himself up senselessly in a luxurious hermitage, and the other flee to the uttermost limits of the earth, leaving a girl to struggle with this horrid plantation. It is not right, father, and if you have heard from Sibbey I want his address. I want to write to him."

"What would you say to him?"

"I would tell him to come back home and take his rightful place as the master of Glenburnie."

"I am not dead yet, girl."

"You are at all intents and purposes."

It was a daintily uttered taunt. His eyes glittered dangerously.

His hands—idle hands, softer, whiter and smoother than Ida's—began to gripe the arms of his chair until white gristly spots appeared on every knuckle.

"Look at me, girl!"

"Well, sir, I am looking." She was unflinching.

"What do you see?"

"A very handsome man, in a perfect state of health. Not an old man. His hair is scarcely gray at all. And his eyes are positively luminous, especially just now that he is in a fury. I see a man who, with every faculty unimpaired, and, presumably, in his right mind, is yet content to live within the narrow circuit of four rooms, has his food brought to him as if he were a cripple or an octogenarian, and has abandoned his rights and duties in life as completely as a dead man could."

She took no note of his increasing frenzy. His voice, choked with passion, did not cause the fluttering of an eyelid.

"I wonder if you have forgotten, Ida, that I drove your brother Sibbey out of this house?"

"No, sir, I have not forgotten it."

"And do you know why?"

"For daring to tell the truth, as I have just done."

"For less-far less!" He was brandishing his merrischaun pipe menacingly.

"If I don't speak to you, father, no one will. No one cares enough for you to do it. I want you to break that senseless vow and take your place at the head of your own affairs; or else send for your son to do it. I am tired of carrying your burdens and his. My own are great enough. She had dropped taunts for serious protest.

"Your own? Your burdens? I suppose you mean Dennis Lorimer?"

"That is one of the burdens I have laid down."

Her face had suddenly grown as white as the wall behind her, but her soft musical voice remained perfectly steady.

"You have heard, by heaven, that looks like it."

He sent a heavy envelope flying through the space between them. Ida looked at it amazingly. It was addressed to herself. She turned it slowly over and over. The seal was intact. She took calmly into her father's angry face.

"Thank you, sir."

She got up heavily and walked towards the fireplace.

"Where are you going?" Mr. Fairbanks asked. The talk back of his chair hid them from each other, and the exertion of turning himself about was too great.

"I am not going anywhere."

He heard a soft creaking. A bright flame sprang up in the open fireplace. There was a smell of burning paper and in the air. She came back to her seat quietly.

"You have burned it?"

youngest girl, then a girl of ten. Sibbey had struggled freely with the wrecked and disorganized estate. He was too much like his father to succeed in anything that required stable resolve and draining endurance. Both men were fitted exclusively to adorn the luxurious circles of society. Both men were superb physically, but defective morally. They clashed perpetually. There was no one but a girl child to adjust matters between them. The result was disastrous, but natural. Sibbey, sore, tired, angry, taunted his father years ago, as Ida had taunted him that day, and had thrown the whole miserable business upon his father's shoulders with a cruel indifference to Ida's fate. They had never heard a word from him since.

The burden he had selfishly cast off Ida had patiently lifted and carried, so far, with commendable fortitude. If she sometimes staggered under its small weight, on this particular occasion she left her father's presence more than ever convinced of the folly of having made any appeal to his aid.

"I might as well turn for help to that pretty child who held out her hands and begged a flower of me. He makes me think of a great gorgeous butterfly, strutting with lazily-folded wings, not caring how the world goes."

Dido was sitting on the front steps knitting in the sunshine and crooning a song which Ida remembered often hearing her mother sing. "Mother and the baby did," she went over and sat down by the old woman, clasping her hands about her knees in her favorite attitude. Dido smiled her pleasure at having her so close.

"M'm Dido, how long have you been at Glenburnie?" she asked, suddenly.

"Been at Glenburnie? As long as there's been any Glenburnie to be at. Your grandpa Fairbanks brought me here with the swamp folks when he cleared this place up."

"Then of course you know all the Fairbanks secrets?"

"Dido looked very wise, as she closed her withered lips tightly after that scornful utterance."

"And you know why my father and the Lorimers hate each other?"

Dido's knitting-needles fairly flew. She was knitting straight before her, and out towards the distant front gate. A trailing dust-cloud was visible beyond it, in the road.

"I reckon that mums' be Cato kicken' up that dust," she remarked, inconsequently.

"Of course you know, Dido, and I know it is my right. I am no child, to be kept in the dark any longer. Does Glenburnie hate White Cliffs, or does White Cliffs hate Glenburnie? Which place began it, M'm Dido?"

"'Tis a piece of Glenburnie," said the old retainer, proudly, "and I don't hate nothing under the shining canopy. Our Heavenly Father made Glenburnie folks as good as the children of God. I don't sort of dirt, I take it, honey. What for are you troubling your pretty head over it, my child?"

Ida laughed shortly. She was quite sure Dido would never satisfy her curiosity.

"I want to know about that old quarrel. Sibbey knows."

"All the men folks on both sides knows."

"Did Dennis Lorimer know, when he asked me to marry him?"

Dido moved restlessly. She was being cornered. Suddenly she lifted one withered hand and shielded her eyes.

"I said that must be Cato! That sure is Cato's mule, but what's that on old Rubie's back?"

Ida looked too. There, coming towards the house, was a white horse contentedly by old Rubie's head, the empty flower basket swung over one arm, while his horny right hand was planted firmly among Ninette's white ruffles and emerald brooches. He was studying her in the innocent way of a simpleton. Cato sent an explanation a few steps in advance of him.

"They was sauntering 'long the roadside, as I cast-long back, and she asked me to ride her some. I told her I was hurrying back to Glenburnie, and then her mule told me to let her come, and she would send the nuss after her. So I villan."

He planted the child squarely on her feet between Ida and M'm Dido. Her netting smiled impartially on them all.

"Norris! I might go to see the flower lady, and I have come to see you composedly shaking out her short tumbled skirts."

Dido looked away from the bright baby face to Ida's. "My child," she said, "you are a good girl, but you are bent on hearing up that old story. If he ain't, how come it he fashioned such a link as that between Glenburnie and White Cliffs?"

"Link?"

"Link. By the look of her, she belongs here to us. She's a Fairbanks from the crown of her pure head to the soles of her blessed feet. But she's a foreigner over yonder too. I do seem as if he meant to say you twain must be made one."

"Dido, you are gone daff!" Ida said, tartly; but the child that belonged to the Lorimers asked only smiles.

TO BE CONTINUED.

CAUSE OF THE PANIC.

REV. THOMAS DIXON'S ANALYSIS OF THE BUSINESS DEPRESSION.

He Opens His Full Work on the Immediate Cause of the Hard Times and Shows the Absurdity of the Scare—Faith in the Nation.

New York, Sept. 3.—Rev. Thomas Dixon returned today after spending his vacation hunting and fishing on the eastern shore of Virginia. He opens the fall work with a series of morning sermons through September on the "Panic of 1892 and Cure." He discussed this morning the "Immediate Causes," giving many points to show the utter absurdity of the present scare. The text chosen was from Matthew xxv, 35, "And I was afraid and returned and thy talent." It is a pitiable sight—a strong man stricken with fear! The husky breath, the tottering knees and weak cry place man, the king, in a sorry plight before the angels. It is a fearful look on a man's face. It never lifts up. It always degrades. To see a whole community, a whole nation, quaking with pusillanimous fear in their minds, is a fearful sight. It is as much more ignominious as the nation is greater than the man.

But the ignominy of a panic is the smaller part of its disgrace. It is the hour in which the brave and self-reliant man, the man of the original high principle, becomes an animal pure and simple.

A great theater building was packed one night with people. A foot race was being run on the track. The crowd was no fire. There was no danger of fire. There was not even the smell of fire about the building.

But a panic ensued. That is to say, the man of the original high principle was knocked weak down and trampled to death. Scurries, groans and curses, like the grovel and snarl and howl of a cage of crows and apes, rent the air. The crowd of the original high principle leaped upon the heads and shoulders of the surging mob and crawled and fought their way to the pavement. One wretch drew his knife and cut his way through the struggling mass of men, women and children. He reigned supreme.

Panic had reduced all to the level of the brute, and with his superior intelligence man outdid the brute, for to his credit he added the sense of the crowd.

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